

We Are Brotherhood

by DaLantis

Category: Musketeers

Genre: Friendship, Hurt-Comfort

Language: English

Characters: Aramis, Athos, D'Artagnan, Porthos

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2016-04-10 05:57:14

Updated: 2016-04-22 05:04:35

Packaged: 2016-04-27 20:45:25

Rating: T

Chapters: 4

Words: 8,440

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: My take on what might happen after season two. Just a few one shots about each character. Enjoy!

1. Treville

****Chapter One: ****

****Treville****

* * *

><p>Treville packed his things, his very soul aching. He knew he couldn't refuse the King when he had request him to take a higher position in the court by his side, but how he had wanted to! All these years here at the garrison, commanding and living amongst his men who had become like brothers and sons to himâ€| how much he would miss them was beyond words.

Still, he supposed it was time to move on. He was no longer as young as he had once been and surely Athos would do a better job as Captain than he ever had. The man had it in him to be a fine commander, so long as he kept his depression in check. So long as d'Artagnan was around though, Treville was fairly confident all would be well.

Snorting, he couldn't help but think how many things had changed since the arrival of that foolhardy farm boy.

Athos had been a drunk without little care for anyone or anything. Only Porthos and Aramis seemed able to break him from his shell and even then, many times, they were unable to truly get to the heart of the matter. Athos just wasn't the type of man to allow others a glimpse of his soul easily; a soul that had been so aggrieved, once upon a time. He kept it safe, beneath layers and layers of rock and ice; caged away from all those who dared try to enter.

Yet all it took was the arrival of a single boy to shatter that ice, to break open that cage, and to lift the rock that had for so long kept the man prisoner. Treville was certain in the ten years he had come to know Athos, he had only ever seen the man smile one time before the Gascon's arrival. It had been, unbelievable then and still is to this day, a sight to perceive. When the two are together, you might even think them father and son, so strong is the bond they have forged together.

Then of course there was Porthos. Porthos had suffered much as a child, growing up in the court of miracles, forced to steal and kill in order to survive. The fact the boy had turned out as well as he has was honestly quite miraculous. If not for his friends, Treville doubted he would have last long in the service to the king. Aramis grounded him, Athos directed him, and d'Artagnan established him; giving the man the family and home he had long sought.

Aramis too had changed for the better because of d'Artagnan. Aramis had been a rogue, seeking redemption and love in his own way, jumping from woman to woman and seeking acceptance through those who could only perceive his outer appearance. Meeting Porthos saved him from himself. Athos was a welcome, considering the man became Aramis' prime concern due to his self-destructive ways. D'Artagnan merely was the final link in the chain needed to make Aramis seek a more permanent source of stability; a stability, according to Aramis, that can only be found in a monastery. While Treville didn't doubt his presence would be sorely missed, he couldn't help but wish the man well in all his endeavors.

Then of course, there was his own change. He had been the respected Captain of his musketeers for many years, but meeting that boy so determined to avenge his father had shattered something in his heart, something that had kept him from truly feeling for and with his men. At first he had thought it a weakness and often placed the boy in danger to prove himself, but the child had passed with flying colors and the Captain felt himself feel for the first time in years.

Shaking his head, Treville loaded up the last of his things into his bags and hiked them up and onto his shoulders. Stepping towards the door, he yanked it open only to stop and turn back, glancing around the small office that had nearly been his home for the past thirty years. It was surreal to leave it after so much time, but he knew he must. Closing the door with a click; he leaned against it for a moment before heading down the hall.

Stepping gingerly out on the deck of the balcony, he gasped in a breath as his eyes widened. The shadow of someone by his side had him sending a sidelong glance to Athos who merely stared at him in silence.

"Did youâ€¦ set them up to this?" he whispered, not trusting his voice.

Athos' expression softened.

"No. They chose to do it themselves."

Treville could only stare at his fifty-some musketeers, all lined up

on the ground of the garrison standing at attention; their hands held up in salute and their eyes focused only on the face of their dumbfounded Captain.

Standing a bit straighter, Treville stepped past Athos, only to stop when the man placed a hand on his shoulder. Meeting his former Lieutenant's eyes, he held his breath when he noticed the amount of emotion they now contained.

"Thank you, Athos."

His lieutenant merely shook his head.

"Thank you, sir."

Treville was silent a moment before he moved on, but emotions were choked up and he fought to keep a neutral gaze as he started down the stairs, scanning over the faces of his men who looked upon him with such esteem. It was moving to know they cared as he stepped off the final wooden plank, only to be met by Porthos and Aramis, each smiling at him pleasantly.

"We want to wish you good luck, Captain," Porthos stated.

"And to tell you should you need us, we would be happy to come running," Aramis added, his eyes showing his sincerity.

Treville smiled.

"Thank you both. I wish you good luck as well Aramis, and Porthos," he replied, glancing up at Athos, "Take care of him?"

Porthos grinned and nodded as both moved back, allowing him space to walk. Moving towards his horse, he slowed to a stop when he noticed d'Artagnan standing there, holding the reigns.

"Captain," the boy stated, eyeing him.

"d'Artagnan," the Captain returned in greeting.

The Gascon stepped forward and handed him the reigns, but not before embracing him in a gentle hug.

"Good luck."

Treville hugged him back before stepping away, no longer able to stop the flow of tears. If d'Artagnan noticed though, he didn't say anything. Instead he merely moved aside as the Captain mounted. Riding his horse to the entryway, he slowed and turned back around. All of his men bowed in respect and Treville struggled to control himself. With that final glance back at the Garrison and the men he had come to love so deeply, he swept off his hat and waved goodbye before galloping off into the buzzing noise of the city.

The men merely followed him with their eyes until they couldn't see him anymore.

* * *

><p>Sorry, this chapter was pretty short, but next chapter

will be longer.

2. Athos

****Chapter Two:****

****Athos****

*** * ***

><p>Trevilles presence was sorely missed at the Garrison the following months. While no one doubted the former Captain would make a fantastic Minister of War, they couldn't help but wish he was still with them. Athos especially had seemed less like himself due to the Captains reassuring presence being gone, but d'Artagnan was doing all he could to assist him.<p>

Since Athos had become Captain, d'Artagnan and Porthos with recommendation from Treville, became his new lieutenants. While the three were happy to be kept together, they couldn't help but feel not only their captain's presence sorely missing, but Aramis' as well. Porthos especially seemed troubled as of late and with both his friends disheartened, d'Artagnan was having trouble keeping the garrison and his friends in an uplifted spirit.

Now Porthos was gone on a mission for the King and that left only d'Artagnan to handle Athos who had fallen into a rapid stage of increasing depression since Treville's leave.

Knocking on the Captain's door, the Gascon waited patiently for the voice he knew wouldn't answer. Finally having knocked enough times he felt mollified, he moved to enter.

D'Artagnan stepped inside the small office and closed the door, eyeing the amount of empty bottles strewn across the desk and floor. He couldn't help but sigh, hurting that he hadn't been able to stop his friend from acting in such a self-destructive way.

"Athos," he whispered, shaking his friend, but the pale, clammy skinned man remained firmly out; shadows quite obvious beneath his eyes from the nights he had been unable to find rest.

Chewing his lip, d'Art knew he needed to wake him somehow. A Red Guard messenger was down by the gate, requesting Athos by name, and if he met the man in this condition, d'Artagnan knew word would get around about his drunken state far faster than it ever had before. Yes, now that he was Captain, what Athos did, mattered.

Sighing, he looked around and spotted in the corner a small wash basin. Grimacing, he knew Athos wouldn't appreciate this, but he had very little choice. Picking it up, he threw it onto the unconscious man and watched as he sprang to life, sputtering as he brushed away the streams of water now pouring down his face.

"Wha- d'Artagnan?"

The man leveled him a glare and d'Art met it just as fiercely.

"Sorry to wake you from your _nap,_ Captain, but a man downstairs is requesting your presence."

Athos winced, holding his head as he struggled to stand. D'Artagnan noticed his sway and quickly stepped up, just barely keeping him from falling; not that he noticed considering how drunk he was. Instead, Athos jerked his arm from his grasp and stumbled to the door, determined to ignore the obviously concerned gaze on his back.

D'Artagnan shook his head, sighing at his stubbornness. He knew the man wouldn't get very far in this condition. Then again, that was why Athos had him by his side. If nothing else, he would make sure the Captain didn't fall on his butt on the way to the gates.

Barely able to steady the man as he made his way shakily down the stairs, they reached the ground and d'Artagnan allowed himself to take a breath he hadn't even realized he had been holding.

"W-Where is he?" Athos asked, blinking his eyes rapidly as he squinted towards the entryway.

"By the gates," d'Artagnan repeated, "are you alright?"

Athos ignored his inquisition and started towards the gates, his walk becoming much sturdier and his eyes much more clear the closer they got to the messenger of the new Cardinal.

"Monsieur Athos?" the man asked as they walked up.

"That's me," Athos replied, barely wincing at the pain he felt split his head, "what is the message?"

"From the Cardinal, sir," he replied, handing it over.

Athos took it and watched as the young messenger hurried away. Clumsily opening the letter, he struggled to get his eyes to focus, but the words remained obstinately blurred.

"Shall I?" d'Artagnan offered.

Athos glanced at him before handing the letter over somewhat grudgingly.

D'Artagnan took no offense, knowing his friend wasn't himself right now, and quickly scanned over the contents of the letter.

"Seems the King wishes for an audience tomorrow."

"Audience?" Athos repeated.

"Yes. He has a mission for a musketeer of your choosing. Whoever arrives at the palace tomorrow will be given explicit instructions to carry out."

Athos was silent as d'Artagnan folded the letter back up and handed it to his Captain and friend.

"Who shall I send?"

Athos swayed.

"I will go," he replied, "s-saddle my horse."

D'Artagnan frowned.

"Athos, you are in no condition to ride tomorrow. Allow me to go if one of us must."

Now normally, Athos would have declined such an offer, knowing his young lieutenant had only recently gotten back from a mission from the King and that his other lieutenant was still out, but that night wasn't a normal night and Athos wasn't thinking clearly.

"Y-You?" he slurred.

"Me," agreed the boy, eying his mentor with concern. Sure he was tired, but he wasn't about to allow Athos to go on this mission in his current state and more so, he knew the men needed their new Captain here, drunk or not.

Athos eyed him, before shrugging.

"Do what you wantâ€|" he stated.

D'Artagnan was about to reply when his friend continued.

"â€|You always do."

The boy froze, staring at his friend. He knew not to take anything the man said as truth, but he also knew that in sleep and in drunkenness, variations of the truth tend to come out.

"What do you mean, Athos?" he questioned.

Athos turned, staring at him with something dark in his eyes that the Gascon couldn't quite identify.

"You always do exactly what you want," Athos replied, edging close to the boy who stared at him in silence, "You always act so impulsively and yet I offer my assistance when you ask, but you never seem to heed my warnings. You always do whatever you want and it has always come back to bite me, but not you. Noâ€|, never you."

D'Artagnan remained silent.

"Speak won't you?" Athos laughed, "No of course not, I hurt the poor boys feelings, but he can't respond. You always look up to me don't you? Always staring at me, judging me and yet never saying a word against me. You always follow, but when Iâ€|when I want something, you always get in my way. It's all about D'Artagnan isn't it? My wife, my captain, my friendsâ€| it's always about you and it makes me sick."

The bitter laugh stung the boy, but he fought not to show it. He couldn't show it, because he knew the real Athos would be horrified by his own words, should he remember in the morning. Instead, he merely stepped up and smiled.

"Get some rest, Captain, you need it."

With that, he turned and headed for his room. He would send a message to Constance in the morning, altering her of his new mission, but for now, he needed sleep and to escape the heated, glazed eyes of his best friend and mentor.

* * *

><p>When morning came, d'Artagnan wasted no time in hurrying to the Palace, but before he took his leave, he left a note on Athos' desk, reminding me of the mission. He knew his friend wouldn't remember.<p>

* * *

><p>When Athos woke up, he felt like he had been socked in the head with a sledgehammer. His entire body ached, but his eyes and head specifically felt like knives were being twisted within them. Grabbing the nearby bucket of what looked to be fresh water, he dunked his head and came back up, wiping his eyes, trying to rid himself of the hangover from hell.<p>

Blinking, he peered at the bright lit window of his room. Normally d'Artagnan would have come to wake him by now. Where was his spunky little lieutenant this morning?

Standing up, using the wall for balance, he made his way out of the back room and into the office where he noticed a white letter laid upon his desk. Picking it up, he opened it and squinted to focus on the wavering words.

_Athos, _

_I know you probably won't remember this, but last night you were drunk and a messenger came to the gates. You accepted his message and I read it aloud to you. The king was requesting a musketeer for a special mission. I volunteered. _

_I left early this morning and by the time you read this, no doubt, I will already have departed. In the first drawer of your desk I left you some wild flower. Aramis told me if you break it up in a glass of water or wine, it will help sooth your aching head. _

_Until I return, _

_D'Artagnan. _

Athos frowned. The boy had only just gotten back from an assignment and needed his rest. Why then had he gone? More so, why had he let him go? It was obvious from the letter the boy was hiding something from him, but what could it be?

Sighing, he knew he wouldn't have the answers he sought until his return. He only wished he knew more about this so called "special mission" for the king. He couldn't help but be worried.

Several hours had passed since the boy had left and Athos was anxious. Porthos was due back today and he prayed, so was d'Artagnan.

Not even a moment after thinking that did the sound of a horse galloping into the garrison reach his ears. Hurrying onto the balcony, he couldn't help but feel relieved to see Porthos and yet anxious, knowing it wasn't d'Art.

"Athos!" Porthos called in greeting, smiling at the sight of his friend staring down at him.

"Porthos," Athos greeted quietly, wincing slightly at the sound.

Porthos didn't miss the wince and struggle to hide his frown. He was worried about the man. Glancing around, he was surprised not to see d'Artagnan with their Captain. Normally the boy was an ever present shadow.

"Where is he?"

"Gone. On a mission," Athos interrupted, "seems the king requested an audience this morning with a musketeer of my choosing. Only problem is, I don't remember choosing him."

Porthos frowned, reading in between the lines.

"Rough night?" he guessed.

Athos huffed, but didn't reply. He tried to remember last night and barely somewhat recalled the messenger at the gate.

"Well it's d'Artagnan we are talking about. He should be alright."

Athos nodded, but it didn't help bury his concern. He cared about the boy, more than anyone could know.

Porthos stayed close to Athos the rest of the day, but unfortunately, there was no hide nor hair of the boy. Their waiting game continued on for several days until finally a week had passed and Athos had become frantic. So caught up in his worries, he hadn't even drunk a single sip the entire week, desperately attempting to recall anything about the mission. He had tried contacting Treville for information, but all his former Captain could tell him, was the mission was a secret affair of the king's and no further information was to be had.

It was not what Athos wanted to hear.

Nightmares swarmed him each night and he could hear himself saying cruel, ugly things to his friend. Yet the entire time, the boy merely smiled—d'Artagnan, merely smiled and encouraged him to sleep it off. It didn't take long for Athos to realize these were not nightmares, but memories resurfacing of that night. It sickened him and worse, he wondered if they might be the last words he would ever say to his young friend who had become like a son or little brother to him.

Porthos attempted to comfort his friend, but by the end of the week, he too was beginning to feel worried. A week was a long length of time without any word of a friend, especially someone as important and young as d'Artagnan who had changed their lives with his sudden

arrival.

Porthos couldn't help but smile and think of all the nights he had taught the boy how to gamble and brawl. How the boy would practically giggle when Porthos would swing him over his shoulder at the end of a fight and toss him into the hay piles. How his friend would team up with him in the local taverns to try his hand at pokerâ€|

All these memories meant more than the largest treasure to Porthos.

For Athos, he was much the same. The former Comte had always been a rebellious, hot tempered man until he met his wife who took his breath away. Her betrayal left him gasping to stay above the darkness that tried to drown him and it was only with Treville, Porthos, and Aramis' help that he survived as long as he did. With d'Artagnan's arrival however, everything changedâ€| for the better.

The boy became a life line to him and he shown like the brightest star in the night sky. He was someone Athos relied upon heavily and while he never understood why the boy revered him so, he struggled not to fail him. To think he had told the boy just the opposite the night before he had left for the palace, made him ill.

"_Athos_" Porthos shouted.

Athos snapped his head up from where he had been leaning over the balcony railing, deep in thought. His eyes glued to the figure on a horse riding slowly into the garrison. Standing perfectly still, he watched as the figure dismounted and tied his horse at the stable; Porthos grabbing the man's shoulders and hugging him close.

Athos knew he should move, but he couldn't seem to shift his feet even an inch. The two men turned and gazed up at him and Athos breath caught when he saw the face of his young lieutenant.

D'Artagnan patted Porthos' shoulder before heading up the stairs, his eyes now staring into Athos' own until finally they were mere inches apart.

Athos looked the boy over and noticed the dark bruises across his face and the slight limp he carried when he walked. It was obvious the boy's travels hadn't been without trouble and yet Athos couldn't seem to get his words out to ask about him. He couldn't seem to make his body react to his friends close presence, so relieved, to see his protÃ©gÃ© home safely.

Still, everything Athos was thinking or wanted to say. How sorry he was, how much he had worried, how good it was to see him, and even how stupid the boy was for going in the first place. All of this the Gascon seemed to understand, because he merely smiled in a knowing manner before stepping forward.

"I'm back, Athos."

And those words were the push he needed to get his body into motion. He threw his arms around the boy, pulling him tight, afraid that if he let go, this would all turn out to be a dream.

D'Artagnan was worried by the sudden clinginess, but noticing the

smiling face of Porthos, he sighed, just accepting it. He had seen the emotions swimming through his friend's eyes and he knew right now, Athos needed the physical reassurance.

"I'm sorry," came soft spoken whisper in his ear.

D'Artagnan didn't need to ask why his friend was apologizing. He knew Athos hadn't meant it, but he still couldn't help but feel perhaps there had been a smidge of truth to what he had said. Still, he kept these feelings buried within himself as he whispered back, tucking himself into his friend's neck and tightening the embrace.

"All is forgiven."

* * *

><p>So what did you guys think? Next Chapter is Aramis.

3. Aramis

**Okay, so, first thing is first. THANK YOU FOR ALL YOUR REVIEWS!
They really mean a lot to me ^_^^**

* * *

><p>Deana â€" Thanks! Glad to know you are enjoying it.

**Yuriko Quested â€" **Thank you for the wonderful compliments and I'm with you! I am really excited about the upcoming season three!

**Guest â€" **Thanks, I was trying to think about what could happen in season three and base it off of possibilities left over by hints from season two, but eh, some of this is just what I personally would love to see.

**Clara â€" **Thank you! ^_^^

**MusketeerAdventure â€" **Your very welcome and thank you for reading it!

**Helensg â€" **I will definitely try to keep the chapters coming, but the week days are very busy for me, so weekends are more likely to be, when the updates will commence. Thank you for reviewing!

FierGascon **_(Treville)_ â€" **I agree, his chapter was probably the easiest for me to write. I really love Treville and I could definitely see his men honoring him in this way.

FireGascon **_(Athos)_ â€" **Thanks for pointing those out, I will have to change them. I don't ever proof read before I post a chapter (I should, but I don't.) so I will fix them later when I have a chance to go back. I'm glad you liked d'Artagnan in this chapter. I felt he had matured quite a bit throughout the series and I wanted to show that. Also, I could see Athos returning to the bottle. Maybe not as strongly as I made him return to it, but I could see it happening

just because the strain of command, the loss of a mentor always there for him, as well as the loss of a brother and his wife would probably be a lot to handle all at one time. Anyways, it was my idea of what could happen, not what will ;) Thanks for your reviews! I loved reading them!

****Jmp**** " Thanks and yeah, there will be either four or five more ^_^ Hope you continue to enjoy them.

* * *

><p>Sorry if I missed anyone who reviewed! Enjoy!

* * *

><p>Chapter Three:

****Aramis****

* * *

><p>Aramis sighed, placing his rosary down on the nightstand. Life here at the monastery was truly everything he could imagine; pure, quiet, godly, thought provoking, lonely, boring |<p>

The former musketeer took a deep breath and sat down on the edge of his bed, staring out the small window carved into the stone walls of his room.

He had always felt a close connection with God and he had always considered himself a born man of the cloth, but being here, amongst the holy brothers who struggled to keep themselves pure of the world's desires, he couldn't help but feel | alone. That sort of feeling wasn't one he had experienced in quite a long time thanks to the companionship of his friends and he found himself missing them all the more because of it.

Lying back against the hard mattress, he stared up at the bare ceiling, his new loose fitted white night shirt practically hanging on him like a dress.

Speaking of dresses | he couldn't help but wonder about Anne and his son. He longed to see them and hold them, but he knew they weren't his to have. He knew, for the sake of France and the sake of him and his friends, he could never have them; lest someone find out the truth.

Ah, his friends | the very thought seemed to intensify his gloom. He missed them terribly.

"Brother Aramis!" a voice shouted through the door, startling him. "I saved you some bread and cheese!"

Aramis sighed and stood up, walking slowly to the door, perceiving the young boy on the other side. He couldn't be more than seventeen and his eager expression to please reminded Aramis of d'Artagnan and he felt his heart shutter at the thought of his little brother.

"Thank you," he replied, taking the meal.

The boy nodded and stared at him. Aramis turned and set the food down, but noticed the boy continued to stare.

"Anything else?"

"Hmm? Oh! Sorry, no," replied the teen, bashfully rubbing his head.

Aramis fought to keep his expression neutral, but more and more his thoughts roamed back to the young Gascon and the brothers he so desired. This boy was not helping him fight against the depression that had begun to set within him.

"I was just wonderingâ€¦" the boy whispered, glancing around the empty halls, "you were a Musketeer for the king, right?"

Aramis nodded, wondering where the boy was going with this.

"Wellâ€¦do you thinkâ€¦I could be one, someday?"

Lips twitching into a smile, Aramis chuckled.

"I would say so, be it as long as you have a determined spirit and a stout heart, you can do anything you set your mind too."

The boy beamed with pleasure, a slight bounce in his step.

"Do you think you could tell me about your time amongst the king's guard?" he asked, stepping further inside the room.

Aramis should have said no and turned the inquisitive boy away, but in his heart of hearts, he wanted to be back home within the garrison walls. Perhaps thinking of them, talking about themâ€¦ might it help cure his loneliness?

"Sure boy, but best be silent. It's late and the teachers and other brothers won't look fondly upon such an act as this one."

The teen nodded and slipped completely into the small bedroom as Aramis quietly shut the door.

"Thank you for the bread and cheese. I wasn't hungry at dinner time, but perhaps I will regain my appetite, hmm?"

The teen smiled a bit nervously as he took a seat on the hard bed across from Aramis.

"So, what would you like to know?"

The lad thought for a moment, before smiling.

"I have heard tales of the noble Captain Treville and his lieutenant Athos. Could you perhaps tell me about them? Oh and yourself too, of course!"

Aramis gave a somewhat glum smile.

"Well, Treville is no longer the Captain of the musketeers, which I

can tell you is a hard blow for all who served under the man. The king has made him the Minister of War. No doubt, he will do well."

The teen nodded.

"What was he like, personally?"

Aramis hummed and leaned back in his chair, arms crossed.

"Treville? He was a great man. He cares for the garrison like a father and is always on our side, no matter the circumstance or evidence against us. He rules with an iron fist, but he also has a soft side that comes out on rare occasions. Truly, he has the respect of all who serve under him."

"He sounds cool," the boy thought aloud, "but I think Athos is cooler! He is the greatest swordsman in all of France!"

Aramis chuckled. Porthos would have loved this kid.

"Well, I would say he is the best currently, indeed."

"Currently?"

Aramis hid a grin.

"Let's just say he has a protégé who may very well one day, become the greatest of all the musketeers throughout history."

The boy stared at him in awe.

"Do you think Athos would take me as a pupil?" the boy whispered.

Aramis had to really fight the urge to burst out laughing. _Oh!_ If Athos could hear this now, he would be guzzling an entire barrel of wine at the prospect of another d'Artagnan.

"I don't think he would, no, but I am sure someone amongst the musketeers would be willing to take on a recruit."

"How old must you be to join?"

Aramis hummed to himself, thinking.

"Well, normally recruits show interest around sixteen or seventeen"

"That's my age!" the boy yelled happily.

Aramis continued on as though the boy hadn't even spoken.

"d'Artagnan joined us at eighteen and became a musketeer shortly after his nineteenth birthday, but that is rare. Normally, recruits are not accepted until they are nearly twenty-two, twenty-three years old. He is actually the youngest in the history of the garrison to be made a musketeer."

"He sounds really cool. Is he Athos' protégé?"

Aramis nodded.

"That he is. I, along with d'Artagnan, Athos, and my friend Porthos were known as the inseparables due to how close we all were. Truly," he whispered, more to himself than his young guest, "there were none more bonded than us."

"Aramis," the boy asked, extracting him from his thoughts, "why did you stop being a musketeer? It sounds to me like you miss it."

Aramis stared at the boy.

Did he miss it? Could he honestly say he missed the death? The threat to his own wellbeing? The thrill of the chase? The adventure? The women? The nights gambling at the tavern with Porthos, nearly always ending in a brawl? All those days sparring with his best friends, his brothers, gaining bruises and flesh wounds?

For the first time, Aramis realized that yeah, he did miss being a musketeer. All this time, all those years, he had sought out a life of silence, feeling the need to redeem himself within the holy order. What if all along he had been redeeming himself, by serving his country by the sides of his brothers in arms? What if truly, all he had ever needed, had already been by his side?

"Aramis?" the boy asked, concerned; having noticed the spaced out expression the man was now sporting.

Aramis smiled.

"Let's call this a night, shall we?"

He guided his young guest to the door.

"Thank you boy, I want you to know that talking with you tonight helped me clear my head of the cobwebs within."

The teen looked puzzled by his words, but Aramis didn't care. Shutting the door, not wishing to explain himself, he collapsed onto his bed, making plans to speak to the father tomorrow morning about his change of heart. In the meantime however, he closed his eyes and smiled wistfully as he dreamt of home.

* * *

><p>So this chapter was short like Treville's, but honestly, I don't know how to write a monastery themed chapter. I decided simpler was better in this case. Next chapter is Porthos and it will be longer!

**Let me know what you thought! **

4. Porthos

Chapter Four:

****Porthos****

* * *

><p>Porthos glanced over his cards, barely illuminated enough to see in the dim lightning of the tavern. His hand wasn't good, but perhapsâ€| just maybeâ€|he could pull off a miracle.<p>

That thought struck a chord with Porthos who sighed internally at the word 'miracle'; his thoughts automatically going to his best friend and brother, Aramis. Aramis had always dreamt of being a preacher in a monastery and finally that wish had come true, much to the bitter sweet hopes of his friends. Still, Porthos wished his friend well, but being here now in this tavern, with no wing man to guard his back and give him advice on how he should play this hand (whether he listened to the advice or not)â€| he really missed it. He missed him.

I mean sure, he has Athos and d'Artagnan, but it just isn't the same. Athos was now Captain of the guard, struggling to handle that command and the pressures that come with it as well as he can. And then d'Artagnan, the poor lad, to have only just recently married and instead of going off on a honey moon, having been staying around here, watching out for a drunk and a brawlerâ€|it wasn't fair to request more from the boy.

"Hey! You going to play or what?!" a voice shouted.

Porthos shot a heated glare the man's way and said man quickly looked down back at his cards, falling silent under the intimidating gaze of the musketeer lieutenant.

Huffing silently, he forced a confident smirk to his face and threw down a card. The game continued on, but Porthos was barely even paying attention. Instead, his mind roamed through the past while his eyes superficially threatened all those who dared to even glance his way. He wasn't in the mood for a brawl tonight. He just wanted to take his winnings and go home.

"Guess it's just you and me," laughed the man across the table, "And I doubt you can beat this. BOOM!"

The man tossed down a straight flush, grinning.

Porthos nodded, inwardly impressed by the man's good fortune, but thenâ€| this man obviously didn't know the reputation Porthos had gained here in Pairs "Porthos isn't a gambler, he's a winner."

"Sorry Jack, but it's my pot," Porthos stated, reaching out to stay the hand now raking in the gold, "read them and weep."

Tossing down the cards he had cleverly kept hidden away in his sleeves, he watched as the man gawked at the sight of a royal flush.

"But that'sâ€| that's impossible!" the man shouted, growing angry. "There is no way!"

"Obviously there is a way, because I won."

Scooping the gold into his pouch, he tipped his hat to the bar owner who smiled back. While they would never let their connection be known, the owner and Porthos had an understanding. Porthos gives him part of his winnings and in return, the owner ignores all brawls that might happen within his tavern. It was a simple arrangement, but it worked for the two of them.

Heading out into the street and ignoring the shouting going on behind him, he took a deep breath of the cool night air and headed off towards the garrison barracks. He was tired and he knew tomorrow was an early morning. Athos seemed determined to whip the new recruits into shape as fast as possible; unfortunately, he enlisted him and d'Artagnan to be the ones to do it.

Porthos chuckled at the memory of the last time he and d'Art had taken on such a task. If the recruits' nervous glances were anything to go by, seems the two of them had done their job well.

"Hey!"

Recognizing the voice of the man he had just finished playing cards with, Porthos turned, expecting an argument and perhaps a brawl. He was not expecting a sudden gunshot to the head. Screams echoed throughout the street and cries of "murder!" could be heard, but not for Porthos. Porthos couldn't hear anything hardly but the beating of his own heart. Everything was blurry and the world seemed to swim in and out of focus as he dropped to his knees and then onto the rough street road. He couldn't see anything, couldn't hear anything, and better yetâ€ he couldn't feel anything.

'Is thisâ€ death?' Porthos thought to himself.

'It was such a shame he wouldn't be able to see his brothers again before his death. Then again, d'Artagnan shouldn't see this,' he thought with smile, 'the boy was too pure. And Athosâ€ dear Athosâ€ he would grieve. Oh, how would his death affect the older man? Hopefully d'Art could straighten him out.'

Darkness seemed to be drawing closer, but Porthos fought it the best he could, but he was tiredâ€ so very tired.

'Aramisâ€' he whispered, though aloud or in his mind, he wasn't sure. What's more, he was certain he could hear Aramis calling his name in return, but noâ€ that wasn't possible. Aramis was at the monastery and that grumpy Father Martavius would never allow him to leave. After all, he wouldn't even allow him, Athos, and d'Art to speak to Aramis when they had gone searching for him.

Noâ€ he would die, without ever seeing Aramis again.

'â€thos. Porâ€ rthosâ€ Porthos!"

Porthos winced, jerking at the sound.

"Porthos, open your eyes! Come on brother, don't do this to me. Open them!"

Porthos frowned. Was that what this darkness was? When had he closed his eyes?

Blinking, Porthos growled at the sharp, stabbing pain that nearly swept him from consciousness again. The one thing keeping him from doing so, was the familiar face now desperately screaming at him, yet all the while, holding him close.

"Ar-a-misâ€|" he choked, gagging when something wet clogged his throat and bubbled up over his lips.

"Oh my God, please Porthos, don't die on me. I'm back and I willâ€|I will never forgive you if you die on me now! Porthos!"

Porthos couldn't help it, even in this situation, he had to laugh.

Aramis stared at him like he had lost his mind, which honestly, only served to make Porthos laugh harder. Maybe he was crazyâ€|

"You're fading on meâ€|" Aramis whispered desperately, searching the area for anyone who could help, but this late at night, there was hardly anyone brave enough to come forth and offer their assistance.

"Alright, this is going to hurt and you _better_ not kill over."

Struggling to stand while lifting his friend, Aramis hurried down the road. His fears were progressively growing as he literally saw the color drain from Porthos' face with every step he took. A head wound like this was dangerous and while he honestly shouldn't have moved him, he couldn't have very well left him there alone in the middle of the street.

* * *

><p>Hurrying towards the garrison, Aramis nearly tripped over some rope left out in the middle of the path, but a strong hand beneath his arm held him up. Snapping his attention to the stranger in fear of a threat, he sighed in relief when he saw the concerned face of Athos.<p>

"Aramis?"

"Athosâ€|" he breathed, "we need to hurry. Porthos isn't doing well!"

Athos' eyes widened as he finally noticed the shadowed figure in his friends arms.

"Where to?" he asked, quickly stepping in to help carry the injured musketeer.

"Your room, if you don't mind?"

Athos nodded and the two quickly made their way inside, past the Captain's office and into the back room. The same back room they had once treated Treville in.

Laying Porthos on the table, Aramis quickly hurried to exam the wound as Athos held the bigger man down as he flinched with every gentle touch.

"Even half an inch closer and he would not be alive," Aramis muttered, "luckily it is only a graze; though still terrifyingly deep for a head wound. He has also lost a lot of blood."

Athos studied the man's crimson stained clothes and tight jaw. Aramis was obviously exhausted and needed rest and perhaps a good meal, but Athos knew he would do none of that until Porthos was absolutely on the road to recovery.

"What do you need?"

"Hot water, a sewing needle and stitching material. Lots of towels as well and bandages."

Athos nodded and hurried out after the desired supplies, his step slightly off, though Aramis was too preoccupied with Porthos to notice.

"Hang on my friend," he whispered, softly cooing encouragement and comfort. Right now, Porthos was fighting for his life and Aramis wasn't about to let him fight alone.

Moments later, though to Aramis felt like hours, Athos re-entered with the needed supplies.

"I did what I could to get hot water, but it will take a few moments. I met another musketeer downstairs. He will bring it up as soon as it is ready."

Aramis nodded his thanks and hurried to press the towels to his friend's wound. He knew head wounds bleed a lot, but aside from the obvious loss of blood, a head wound always carried another possibility—a possibility Aramis refused to even acknowledge. There was no way his friend would ever sustain a permanent brain injury, not Porthos.

"Aramis, what can I do to help?"

Aramis jumped slightly at the sound of Athos' voice in his ear. He had forgotten the other was anywhere around.

"Take off his shoes and clothing, help me to undress while I apply pressure. His clothes are soaked with blood and morning dew. The last thing he needs is an illness alongside an injury."

Athos nodded and hurried to comply as Aramis turned his attention once again back to Porthos. Having expected the other to remain asleep for some time, he was stunned to see him staring back.

"Porthos?" he inquired silently.

The bigger man winced, his eyes closing for a moment before reopening.

"I thought—I was dead," he whispered.

Aramis smiled.

"Not yet my friend. You are much too stubborn."

Porthos said nothing as his eyes once again drifted shut.

"Well," replied Aramis with a relieved smile, "At least we know he won't have any type of brain injury. His awakening was a good sign."

Athos smiled, encouraged by the news. Aramis frowned when he noticed the man slightly stumble as he placed the clothes down on a nearby chair. Knowing now was not the time to speak of it, he was somewhat relieved when the door opened.

"So I was told to bring hot water to Aramis," replied the familiar tone, "I would ask if that was merely a lie, but I see now it is very much the truth."

Aramis studied the young Gascon now stepping towards the table, obvious concern in his gaze for Porthos.

"What happened?"

"Sore loser, no doubt," Aramis muttered as he took the hot water and quickly began cleaning the wound. Taking the boiled needle, he threaded it and only hesitated but a second before he began stitching. The two observers remained silent, merely watching and waiting. They have absolute trust in Aramis and his ability.

Tugging the thread one final time, Aramis snipped it and stepped back, observing his work. The wound shouldn't leave too much of a blemish behind on his skin, but he didn't doubt Porthos wouldn't mind if it did scar; for him, a scar was merely another commemoration in the journey of life.

"I know you both are full of questions, but now is not the time. We can talk tomorrow. I will stay with him."

"Aramisâ€¦" started Athos, but Aramis raised his hand, his eyes steadfastly holding the new Captain's own.

"Athos, I know you are drunk. I do not need a liability right now."

Athos jerked at the word liability and Aramis knew it was harsh, but he also knew his friend needed to hear it. He needed to see the consequences of his drinking.

"I will guide him home," d'Artagnan offered, seeing Aramis was set in his decision, "Constance is probably wondering for me anyways."

Aramis smiled.

"Thanks you my friend. I will see you both in the morning."

The two made a hasty retreat as Aramis turned back to his friend. Grabbing a nearby blanket, he draped it across Porthos' naked body.

While his friend's skin was hot to the touch, a clear sign of a possible beginning infection, he didn't dare risk him gaining a chill and catching ill.

"Rest easy Porthos," he whispered to the unconscious man, "I will remain here, beside you."

Several times throughout the night, Porthos tossed and turned and cried out. Aramis did what he could to combat the nightmares and the fever. He cleaned the wound the best he could as well and while cauterizing the wound was a possible solution, he hated the idea of doing such a thing to his brother.

"Ar-Aramis."

The medic snapped his head at the sound of Porthos' voice.

"Aramis! No!"

He frowned, gently caressing the man's sweat covered face.

"Easy my friend, I am well. I am here. Rest easy."

Porthos calmed.

The former musketeer fell silent, amused and yet oddly flattered by the man's trust in him. How could he have left his friends so easily? They were his familyâ€| are his family.

"Easy brother," Aramis smiled, "tomorrow, all shall be as it once had been and as it should have been, but for nowâ€| sleep and know I am here with you."

* * *

><p>The following morning, Athos and d'Artagnan knocked on the door to see about Porthos, but when they entered, both fell silent, at peace with the sight before them.<p>

Porthos remained where he had been laid, flat on the table asleep, but his arm was wrapped around Aramis as though protecting him from any and everything.

Aramis himself was also sound asleep, his head down on the table near Porthos' head and his hand clutching the bigger man's chest as though afraid to let him go; afraid to not feel the man's heart stop beating, should he die in the night.

"Come, we will wake them later," Athos whispered.

Both musketeers turned and silently slipped from the room, but not before the tired eyes of Porthos opened and gazed after them. When the door had clicked shut behind them, he turned his head to Aramis, studying the other man's exhausted appearance and peaceful features.

Porthos had thought it all a dream and yet here his brother was, back at his side once more.

"Surely," he whispered aloud, "This cannot be more than a

dream."

"If this is a dream, then we are both surely dead."

Porthos turned to regard his friend more closely as Aramis lifted his head.

"You were awake?"

"Only just," he replied with a tired smile, "you seem coherent. How is your head?"

"Like it was shot," chuckled Porthos.

Aramis also chuckled, glad to see his friend was alive and well and in good spirits.

"I am glad you are okay Porthos. I would never have forgiven myself had you died yesterday and I had neverâ€¦" Aramis stopped, attempting to get his grief back under control, "â€¦had I never spoken to you after leaving like I did."

Porthos stared at him.

"You were following your dream Aramis, don't apologize. I am proud of you and for you."

Aramis smiled, gently caressing the man's hand. "Thank you."

Porthos smiled.

"I am glad to see you though. Surely this night has saved many-a-men from having to deal with a preacher such as yourself. I feared for their women."

Aramis shot him an amused glare.

"Why thanks ever so kindly for the support upon my character," he joked.

Porthos chuckled, wincing slightly at the sound which shot pain through his head, but he couldn't help the wide grin now stretching across his face.

"No problem, brother; no problem."

The two laughed and Athos and d'Artagnan who stood outside the door, having been listening in, smiled. It was nice to have the family together again; now, they just had to make sure it stayed that way.

* * *

><p>Sorry, I meant to have this chapter out earlier, but life has been insane lately. Hope you enjoyed and next chapter is d'Artagnan! Whump planned for all, but mostly d'Artagnan and Athos ;)

End

file.